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RUINED BY HOBBIES.

Every Kind of Craze Counts Its Victims by the Score.

Rich Men Who Can Trace Their Financial Downfall to Golf, Horses, Dogs and Antiquities Are Quite Numerous.

How many men have been ruined by hobbies? That is a question that cannot be accurately answered, yet the number is known to be large.

All hobbies, from stamp-collecting and amateur photography to deer-stalking, have had their victims. Kenneth Price, the well-known Scottish golf player, who died about six months ago, owed his downfall entirely to golf. He was the son of Gordon Price, a wealthy Scottish frommaster, who left him his business and a big fortune. Kenneth started playing golf as a boy, and for 25 years he lived solely for the game, playing it, literally, day and night; for he had his well-known links at Alderley lighted by electric lights at a cost of \$35,000, so that night should not stop him when he wanted to play.

At St. Andrews and all the great golfing centers he spent thousands, living at the most expensive hotels and spending his time on the links. He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships and paid his private caddy \$1,500 a year. He devoted only ten days a year to business, the remaining 335 to golf, and the reason of his bankruptcy was easily attributable to golf.

It was yachting that brought about the downfall of Elliot Reid, the owner of the famous English racing boat, Myrtia. He owned, altogether, 53 boats in the course of his career, and he said that for ten years he had never been out of sight of one of his beloved craft. His love of yachting amounted to a monomania, and though he had an income of \$30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with his expenditures on yachts. When he was brought into the bankruptcy court his yachting expenses were given—true enough—as the reason of his failure.

Recently there died, at Bloemfontein, South Africa, Whyte Morley,



THE END OF IT ALL.

private in the imperial yeomanry. No man ever loved horses better than he did, and horses were his undoing. Not by gambling on them did he come to grief, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but just by buying them. He spent three separate fortunes, each amounting to over \$75,000, in breeding and training horses. He raced to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was fairly successful; but for all that his love for horses proved too much for his fortune.

Pictures and old china were the cause of the ruin of another man, Crawford Lennox, whose splendid collection came under the hammer recently in London. He was one of the chief connoisseurs of Europe in his chosen line. He would live on bread and water rather than forego the purchase of some coveted vase or picture; but his expenditures in this line were so great that he squandered not only his income, but his capital, and finally became bankrupt, and died in extreme poverty, the attending physician certifying that he was practically starved to death.

Arthur Griffiths, the famous dog fancier, "went to the dogs" through his pets. He never had less than a couple of hundred dogs at a time, and never sold any, though he would sometimes give them away to his friends. He never had a dog worth less than \$5, and would frequently pay \$500 for one. His collie, Nannie, cost him \$1,000. His kennels were marvels of luxury and costliness, and his weekly bill for dog food alone was enormous. He bought, on an average, a couple of dogs a week, and would sometimes make presents of entire batches to his friends. Finally he became insolvent, and when his assets were figured up it was found that he had paid \$35,000 for the dogs he then had on hand, to say nothing of the hundreds he had parted with. But when the kennels were sold they did not fetch \$2,000.

LITTLE NUGGETS OF POETRY.

The Old Cellar.
A treasure cave it seemed to be,
Full of delicious mystery.
Across the windows' narrow panes
The spiders swung their silver chains.
Upon the swinging shelves overhead
Were jars of jams and jellies spread,
Which, when unsealed on festive days,
Outshone the ruby's richest rays.
In one far corner's dreamy dusk
Ripe apples stored their balm and musk.
Huge pumpkins from the next one rolled,
Like giant heads of richest gold.
Ranged upon shelves around the wall
Were firkins short and firkins tall,
Where, youthful palates to entice,
Green pickles swam in seas of spice.
Among them, bulging boldly out,
Was the brown oak cask filled with
"kraut."

Sleep and Death.
Beyond the dying sun's last rim of light,
That glides the farthest reach of western
sea,
The weary spirit flies in fantasy
To some mysterious cavern, filled with
night.
No star-ray mars the velvet darkness deep,
Silence and stillness hold each tiny
breath.
Till life stands tip-toe on the verge of
death,
Enfolded in thy mystery of sleep.

Most sweet and dread hereafter, through
what gate
Shall thy unfathomable life be won,
When toil-worn souls behold the final sun,
Night-wrapped, descend, and darkness fall
like Fate?
Sleep may reveal in dream's entrancing
spell,
Of jealous Death's great secret, who can
tell?

—Francis Annesley, in Chambers' Journal.
Waiting for the Lord to Provide.
"The Lord'll provide," he said
And sat around;
While others pushed on ahead
And sought and found.
He waited in idleness—
"The Lord'll provide, I guess,"
He said when the gray wolf howled,
And "the Lord'll provide, I guess,"
He said when the wild wind howled
Like a fiend unbound.

"The Lord'll provide," he said
When they came and found
The rags on the broken bed,
Where he tossed around:
He that waited in idleness
Said "the Lord'll provide, I guess,"
As they looked and sighed.
"The Lord'll provide, I guess—"
And the Lord did, at last, provide—
A hole in the ground.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Progress.
Whate'er the dismal doubters say,
We're breaking from the ancient sway
Of hate and superstition gray
And creeds that fetter.
From year to year and day to day
The world grows better.
Humanity's steps have bent
Up the long, arduous ascent,
The highway of enlightenment,
With faces downward.
Still up that path, with high intent,
The race moves onward.

Up through the long, dark night of Time,
From out the shadowed past we climb,
Above the ignorance and crime—
The gives that bear us—
The sunlight round us.
—J. A. Edgerton, in Boston Budget.

To Know All Is to Forgive All.
If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendship;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.
If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose,
The "why" of things our hearts would see
If I knew you and you knew me.
—Nixon Waterman, in Good Cheer.

Is Life Worth Living?
Is life worth living? I dunno.
Maybe not an' maybe so.
Haven't time, the truth to state,
For such serious debate.
When the sun is kind an' warm
An' the sky is free from storm,
When the buds are lookin' out
At the grasses round about,
An' the wakenin' through the wood
Sort o' sets you feelin' good,
I jes' haven't got the time
For the solemn an' sublime.
Life with livin'? I dunno;
Maybe not an' maybe so.
When the birds begin to sing
I can't stop for fiddling.
—Washington Star.

A Country Inn.
It stands, so white and cool and neat,
Midway the drowsy village street,
With windows open to the breeze,
And town folk lounging at their ease.
Tired with the long, hot day a-wheel,
I gladly sniff the evening meal,
And leave an endless, dusty road,
To make the inn my night's abode.
The shadows deepen. On the hill
A tree-wood wakes a whispering will;
Softly the dew begins to fall;
A star gleams o'er the pines' dark wall.
—James Buckham, in Good Housekeeping.

Inevitable.
As in every song of merit
A vein of sadness lies,
So gleams of tragic import come
From High Endeavor's eyes.
If Excellence be your watchword,
Your aims ideally fine,
Remember—you must suffer,
As hearts that deepest pine.

Yet off—throw off earth's chaining!
Up, up into the blue!
The prize to win is worthy
The pain we struggle through.
—J. E. Patterson, in Black and White.

The Untruthful Daisy.
She wandered where the daisies grew
Her lips were red; her eyes were blue.
She plucked a daisy from its bed,
And broke each petal as she said:
"He loves me; he loves me not;
He loves me, he loves me not;
He loves me, daisy tell me so."
The final petal answered: "No."

She laughed, but one small tear drop bold
Spread secrets of the heart untold.
"He loves me not!" she tossed her head,
"Why, daisy, you tell lies," she said.
—N. Y. Sun.

Tired.
Too tired to work, too tired to play;
Too tired to go, too tired to stay;
Too tired to ride, too tired to walk;
Too tired to write, too tired to talk;
Too tired to loaf, too tired to think;
Too tired to eat, too tired to drink;
Too tired to laugh, too tired to weep;
Too tired to wake, too tired to sleep;
Too tired to sing, too tired to sigh;
Too tired to live, too tired to die.
—Joe Cons, in Brooklyn Life.

ITO NOW IN AMERICA.

Former Premier of Japan, on Health Trip, Will Travel Through the United States.

Marquis Ito, former premier of Japan, is now in the United States. He is traveling for the benefit of his health, which had been failing for some months. He will travel through the country and will possibly visit London before his return, three or four months hence.

It is now rather more than four years since the marquis passed through America en route to the jubilee celebration in London. In personal appearance he has changed but little since then. Though



THE MARQUIS ITO.
(Japanese Statesman Who Is Now Visiting the United States.)

ailing he still possesses the alertness and spirit characteristic of his life. Accompanying him is a party of prominent Japanese, including Hon. K. Tsuzuki, advisory minister of the department of education.

When asked what he thought of Russian aggression in the far east, the marquis stated that he did not consider any steps in the direction now being taken by the czar were hostile to Japan. His country was not opposed to any of the present movements of Russia; in fact, he stated that the relationship between the two countries was now of the friendliest nature.

Just before leaving Japan the marquis said in a speech: "The affairs of the far east have become subjects of the closest attention on the part of European and American powers during the last few years, and there are indications that the far east will be brought into closer touch with foreign countries in future."

"For these reasons I deem it most necessary that Japanese should make exhaustive inquiries into the affairs of Europe and America by means of personal inspection. I hope that my trip abroad will help me in furthering the welfare of our country. Looking into the present state of Japan, political circles seem to be enjoying temporary tranquillity, as there is no important political question ahead requiring the immediate attention of the politicians. The policy of the government, it may be presumed, will not undergo any radical change to that pursued."

MONUMENT TO ROBBER.

Highwayman Honored with a Memorial in the Parish Church of Avening, England.

The duchess of Beaufort performed the other day the chief part in opening a bazar for the restoration fund of the parish church of Avening, Eng-



MONUMENT TO ROBBER.
(Erected in an English Church to the Memory of Henry Brydges.)

land. This church contains some fairly well preserved specimens of early British architecture, but its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is probably the only church where a highwayman has been honored with a monument.

Lord John Chandos gained his barony and the grant of Sudley castle by his strenuous support of Queen Mary's claims to the throne. Afterwards, when that ill-advised queen was hailing her subjects to jail and to death as heretics, Lord Chandos, though opposed to the executions, had to act as the queen's instrument. His son, Henry Brydges, connived at the escape of a family marked for punishment, and, being recognized, he and his servants were forced to lead the life of outlaws.

At his death his admirers put up the monument to him in Avening church.

Big Shower of Insects.
In Szentes, Hungary, a black cloud suddenly obscured the sky, and a shower of greenish, opalescent insects began to descend, covering the ground to the depth of a foot.

SULTAN'S HOME LIFE.

Ruler of Turkey Afraid of Conspirators and Assassins.

Rises Early and Pays Strict Attention to State Business—Is Easily Misled by Members of His Official Staff.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, must always be a figure pregnant with interest for the world at large. A new work shortly to appear in an English translation is from the pen of Georges Dorrays and is a clear and apparently authentic account of the life and reign of the only monarch in Europe powerful enough to successfully withstand the march of civilization in his own dominions, whose temporal authority is without limit, and whose spiritual authority exceeds, perhaps, that of any priest on earth. Turkey and its ruler have so long presented a vexed problem, the issues of which are of such moment to Europe, that a nearer acquaintance with the life of the sovereign cannot fail to be welcome and instructive. To western eyes the orient has ever appeared shrouded in a veil of mystery and romance which, though impeding a clearer vision, greatly enhances the fascination. The tortuous ways of the east are not our ways, nor is it possible for us to entirely fathom the workings of the oriental mind; therefore, such an insight as M. Dorrays gives us becomes all the more interesting, for it helps us to lift the veil a little and to pierce the gloom with our own eyes.

The ordinary daily life of the sultan seems to be comparatively regular. Rising at 4:30, or at least 5, every morning, his entire day is spent in a ceaseless round of occupations. That these bear little on state affairs is proved by the fact that current matters often drag along for months, and even years, in spite of the tireless activity of the master mind. In fact, most of Abdul Hamid's time is spent in his study, absorbed in the perusal of reports sent by his spies from every quarter of the globe, for, as it has been truly remarked, the sultan's subjects may be



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.
(Turkey's Ruler Who Is a Hopeless Victim of Distrust.)

divided into two broad classes—namely, the spies and the spied upon.

Very opposite traits in this strange character are Abdul Hamid's extreme credulity and his overwhelming suspicion and distrust. In proof of the former it is told that all his drinking water must be brought from Kiathane, because years ago the Bohemian Aftal prophesied he should reign on condition that he drank no other. On a second occasion he met a wandering gypsy in his park at Kiathane, and asked her to tell him his fortune. Oddly enough she predicted his accession to the throne, as well as a long reign, wars, etc., concluding with the ominous words: "Your death will be caused by an illness coming from outside."

Like all despots, the padishah has a horror of death, and, consequently, dreads illness, especially anything of a contagious nature. Cholera and the plague have found him a determined enemy, and if Constantinople of to-day boasts a perfect system of sanitation and advanced colleges for the study of bacteriology, it owes them to the gypsy's warning. His majesty himself is no mean chemist, having devoted a good deal of time to the study of medicine, for, like the wise and far-seeing monarch he is, he fully realizes the benefit of being able personally to analyze such drinks as may appear suspicious. Moreover, he doctors his own ailments, and has done so since the physician who formerly enjoyed his confidence became old and fell into disgrace.

At the first alarming rumor or embarrassing political crisis all his usual habits and occupations are swept away before the threatened storm and he remains for long periods plunged in thought, his active mind preparing plans against an enemy or busily engaged conjuring up visions of imaginary danger. He has been known to remain 48 hours without either food or sleep when suffering from one of these fits. Such long watches, together with the tremendous mental and physical strain endured, bring on nervous attacks of great violence, which render the monarch perfectly ferocious, so that while the proximo lasts no one dare approach him. It is, therefore, not surprising that, in spite of the care he takes of his health and the precautions with which he surrounds himself, Abdul Hamid, after a reign of 25 years, looks prematurely old and broken. His weakness is extreme and his body so thin that it is little more than a skeleton; in it is only by dint of will power that he keeps up.

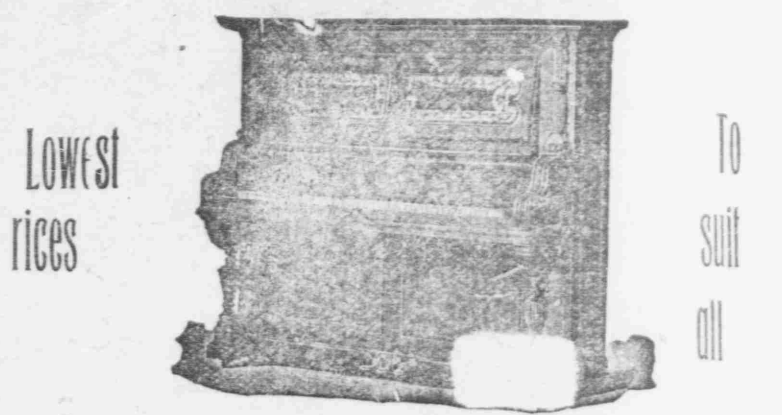
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What Years Do to Us. Our judgment mellow as we age—But 'tis a problem grim. Is it because we're growing sage, Or merely losing vim? —Chicago Record-Herald.

DECIDEDLY OBLIGING.



"Late again, Jane! You're always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl." "I wish yer would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us." —Punch.

Fees and Fees.
He thought he'd won a fine estate, To hold it all in fee;
He thought, but then he guessed again, As he paid his lawyer's fee.
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

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